In Recital

Jorgianne Talbot, soprano

assisted by

Roger Admiral, piano

Saturday, March 30, 2002 at 8:00 pm

Arts Building
University of Alberta

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

From *Oedipus* (1692) — Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
- Music for a while
- Bess of Bedlam

Six German Songs, Op. 103 (1837) — Louis Spohr (1784-1859)
- I Sei still mein Herz
- II Zwiegesang
- III Sehnsucht
- IV Wiegenlied
- V Das heimliche Lied
- VI Wach auf

Peter Sims, clarinet

Intermission

From *Manon* (1884) — Jules Massenet (1842-1912)
- Adieu, notre petite table

From *Samson et Dalila* (1877) — Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)
- Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix

Selections from *Opus 1* (1846) — Fanny Mendelssohn-Hensel (1805-1847)
- Warum sind denn die Rosen so Blass
- Gondellied
- Schwanenlied

Selections from the *Hermit Songs*, Op. 29 (1952-3) — Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
(Irish text of 8th-13th centuries)
- I At Saint Patrick's Purgatory
- II Church Bell at Night
- III St. Ita's Vision
- V The Crucifixion
- VII Promiscuity
- VIII The Monk and His Cat
- X The Desire for Hermitage

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Talbot.

Ms Talbot is a recipient of a Vienna Opera Ball Society Scholarship.

Special thanks to Harold Wiens for his teaching, time, and support.

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Translations

Six German Songs, Opus 103

I Sei still mein Herz (Be still my Heart)

Carl B. V. Schweitzer

I guarded the feelings of hope in my breast. My eyes glowed with the joy of life, whose magic held me fast, whenever I listened to its flattering voice. Its echo now is lost in life's storm. Be still my heart; think not on it. For this, is truth; the other was madness! With glory of springtime the earth was aglow. The sun was ever warmer and brighter, and spring lit the room where I paced to and fro. My heart beat faster and lighter with a new hope awakening my spirit. But in the sharp sudden frost my spirit was withered and killed. Be still my heart; think not on it. For this is truth; the other was madness! I built a bridge of flowers and sunshine as a path for life's pilgrimage. I consecrated myself to the highest ideals with mankind's approval as my most precious reward. Now I hear derisive laughter. Be still my heart; think not on it. For this, now is truth; the other was madness!

II Zwiegesang (Duet)

R. Reinick

In a lilac bush, sat a little bird on a lovely May night. Underneath, a maiden sat in the tall grass on a lovely May night. When the maiden sang, the bird ceased its singing. When the bird sang, the maiden listened and far off resounded this lovely duet throughout the moonlit valley. Of what sang the bird on that lovely night? Of what sang the maiden? Of spring sunshine sang the bird: of love's bliss sang the maiden. Oh, how their singing captured my heart. I shall never forget it all my life long!

III Sehnsucht (Longing)

Emanuel Geibel

I look into my heart; I look into the world and my eyes overflow. The distance beckons with a golden light. But the North holds me fast; I never can reach it. Oh, the fetters are strong and the world is wide and so fleeting is the time.

III Sehnsucht (Longing), cont'd.

I know a land where from sunny green and sunken temples the grapes grow. There is a colourful foliage of grapes; where from the purple wave the shore is covered with foam. And of coming singers the laurel dreams. From far beckons it and attracts the yearning mind. And I cannot go there. Oh had I wings to soar through the blue sky. Longed I to bathe in the sun and its scents; yet to no avail. An hour upon hour disappears. Mourn for lost youth; bury the song. Oh, the fetters are strong and the world is wide and so fleeting is the time.

IV Wiegenlied (Lullaby)

Hoffman Von Fallersleben

All is still in sweet repose; now, sleep my child. Outside the wind whispers - lu, lu, lu, sleep my child, sleep my child. Close your little eyes, those two little buds; when the sun rises tomorrow they will bloom like flowers - bloom like flowers. And I behold the flowers and I kiss your eyes. And in my heart, I forget it is still spring.

V Das heimliche Lied (The Secret Song)

E. Koch

There is hidden pain deep within the heart which cannot be expressed or made known to the world. There are secret longings that are fearful of the light. There are hidden tears; the stranger sees not. There is rapt immersion into an inner world where fields of peace beckon, brightened by starlight. There on sunken paths, the soul builds a heaven and joyously confides its thought to the lips.

There is a quiet and painful withdrawal which no one is allowed to see. The heavily pressed heart says not what it needs. When into pain it breaks - it bleeds out; the stranger sees not. There is a soft tender slumber where sweet peace lives; where quiet rest of the tired, painful soul heals. Yet it gives a beautiful hope which ascends over the world where the heart that is open and full of love flies.

VI Wach auf (Wake up)
(author unknown)
Why do you stand about wondering and pondering so long? Love awakened a long time ago! Do you hear the ringing all around, birds singing with sweet song, little leaves sprouting from old trunks? Love flows through each branch and twig. Little droplets trickle from the spring; the little brook soon bubbles with might. Heaven bows into the clear water, reflecting its blue so gloriously. There is a joyous swirling to form and sound an eternal submitting to everlasting desire.

Adieu, notre petite table (Farewell, our little table)
libretto by Henri Meilhac and Philippe Gille
Farewell, our little table which brought us together so often! Farewell, our little table so grand, however, for us! One takes up - it's unbelievable- so little room sitting close together! Farewell, our little table! The same drinking glass was ours; each of us, when he drank, searched in it for the lips of the other. Ah, poor friend - how he loved me! Farewell, our little table!

Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix (My heart opens up at your voice) libretto by Ferdinand Lemaire
My heart opens up at your voice as the flowers open up at the kisses of dawn! But, oh my beloved, so as better to dry my tears, may your voice speak again! Tell me that you return to Dalila forever; repeat to my tender love the promises of former times - those promises that I loved! Ah, respond to my tenderness! Fill me with ecstasy! Just as one seeks the stalks of wheat undulate beneath the gentle breeze, so my heart quivers, ready to be consoled at your voice that is dear to me! The arrow is less quick to bring death than your lover is to fly into your arms! Samson, I love you!

Warum sind denn die Rosen so Blass (Why are the roses so pale)
Heine
Why are the roses so pale? Tell me my love, why? Why in the green grass are the blue violets so silent? Why sings with such a loud plaint, the larks in the sky? Why does such a withered-blossom fragrance waft from the balsam plant? Why does the sun shine so coldly and annoyingly upon the fields? Why is the earth so gray and barren like a grave? Why am I myself so sick and sad? My sweet-heart, speak? O speak, love of my entire heart, why are you leaving me?

Gondellied (Gondola Song)
O come to me when through the night wanders a host of stars. Then glide with us in the moon's splendor in the gondola over the sea. The breeze is gentle as love's joking gently plays on us with golden glow. The zither sounds and attracts the heart into desire. O come to me when through the night wanders a host of stars. Then glide with us in the moon's splendor in the gondola over the sea.

Schwanenlied (Swan Song)
Heine
A stars falls from it sparking height. It is the star of love that I see falling. So many white leaves fall from the apple tree, the teasing breezes come and propel their flight. A swan sings on the pond and glides back and forth, always singing softly, it sinks into the watery grave. It is so quiet and dark, gone are leaf and blossom. The star vanishes, crackling. The swan's song has died away.